

Henry Rogers, Peoria maintenance foreman, says we can expect our new power plant to arrive most any day now. It consists of a Westinghouse 1000 kilowatt generator and four Caterpillar 160 h.p. V-8 engines. This layout is to be set up in the new addition where it adjoins the old and is to handle the welding load. Our present 120 kilowatt plant will furnish the juice to flow through the machine shop lines.

A. T. Smith, of the maintenance crew, and Mrs. Smith are back from a two-weeks' vacation, spent in visiting Missouri and Mississippi.

Gene Stevens and Harry Buchanan, also maintenance men, took their vacations and their wives on a week-end trip to Paducah, Kentucky.

Peoria's climate didn't agree with R. F. "Scotty" Scott, Stockton PCU foreman, who came here to help fill stacked-up orders for PCUs, so last Friday he left for home. Along with him went Don Weisse, night welder, on a two-weeks' vacation.

Tom Carter, welding dept., is due back Monday from a week's vacation trip to New York State.

And Joe Salvador, who shoves the Le Tourneau units out the door as fast as the boys can produce 'em and sometimes a little quicker, is kinda planning on going to California the last of next week.

Jack Salvador and Elmer Isgren have worked out a home air conditioning unit which Elmer claims knocks the b.t.u.'s right out of the atmosphere. Just as they were getting ready to try it out the mercury collapsed.

Inhabitants of the lower office were nicely cooled by the air cooling device that Al Kant rigged up, consisting of a sprinkler system on the roof, but it made C. D. "Pop" Cook, night machine foreman, hot.

T. O. McMahon, salesman in the Texas territory, was in to Peoria headquarters from Dallas the fore part of the week and brought along a customer for a 12-Yard Y and a 4-drum PCU. The Y is to have six 18x20 tires instead of the customary four. This customer already has four Carryalls, two Rooters, an Angledozer and a coupla Bulldozers, says Eastern Sales Manager Denn Burgess.

Wendell Phillips, who has been out in the Wyoming and Montana territory for several

weeks, is being assigned to the North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland territory.

The Advertising Department has a lending library from which a few good modern books on metal are available and a few more would be if the borrowers would return them. On hand are "The Book of Stainless Steels" by Ernest E. Thum, "The Constitution of Steel and Cast Iron" by Frank T. Sisco, "Heat Treatment of Tool Steel" by Harry Brearley, "Metallography" in two volumes, by Samuel L. Hoyt, "The Metallography and Heat Treatment of Iron and Steel" by Albert Sauveur, "Steel Treating Practice" by Sherry, and "Tool Steels" by James P. Gill.

Convince Joe van de Loo in the advertising dept. of your reliability and you can borrow one of these books.

An airport folder on Le Tourneau equipment is in the printer's hands. And a new, more elaborate, yardage calculator is in process of production.

George McNutt, manager of advertising and sales promotion, has gone into the earth-moving business on his own account. He has acquired a set of miniature scrapers, angle-dozers, bulldozers, rooters and cradledumps, known to the trade as golf clubs. He will operate under the name of McNutt Divot Diggers, Inc.

Three 8-Yards with PCUs are going to Mombasa, Kenya, British East Africa, about August 1 to handle an airport job, and Harleth Nelson will go along from England to get them operating oke. George Glenn also reports an 8-Yard order from Argentina and a 5-tooth HD Rooter order from Halifax, Nova Scotia.

## RAY'S ACT—SEE—DON'TS

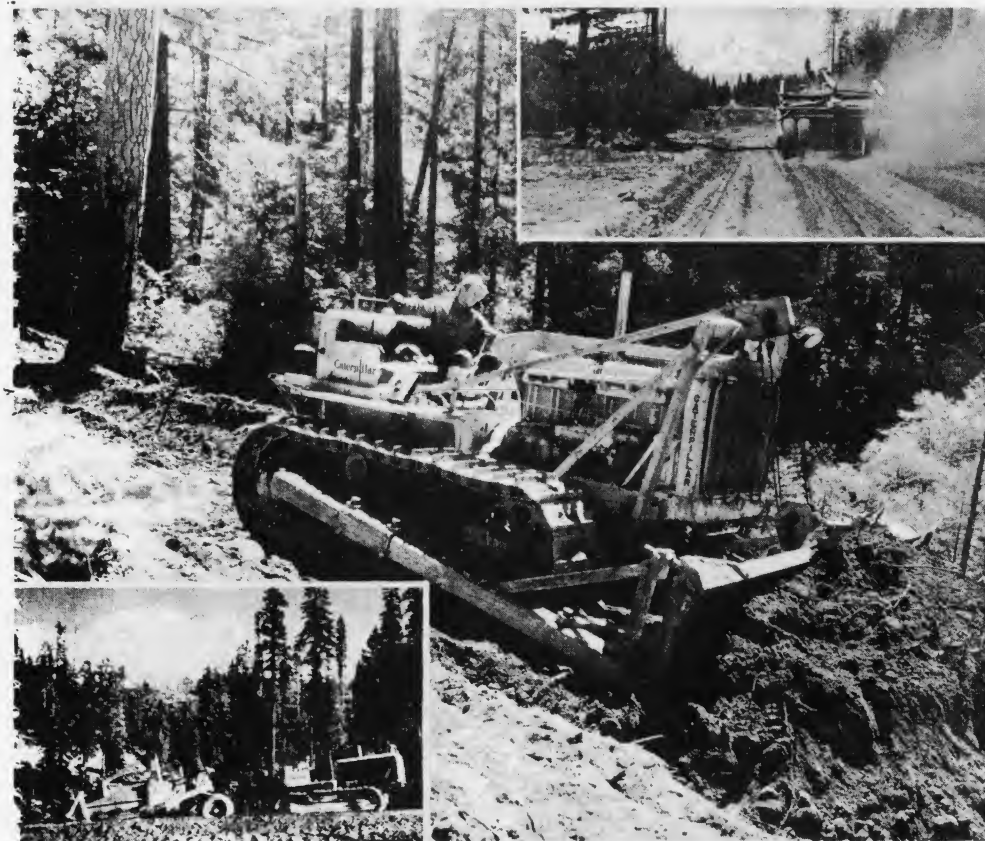
Always stack steel properly, solidly. A number of accidents have been caused lately by careless steel stacking.

See that it has a firm footing, that it sets squarely so it doesn't wobble when touched and that it is not stacked too high. And don't stack it so near machinery that it may get knocked over.

Gears, wheels, cones, sheaves, drums and all such pieces should be piled with extreme care and not too high.

Scraper blades are hazardous to handle and must be stacked straight and with extreme care to prevent their toppling over.

## It Isn't the Climate, It's the Climb



"California, here I come, right back where I started from," is a song quite a few native and naturalized sons of California who have come to Peoria are putting to marching music this summer. It isn't the climate that calls them back home—113 above is old familiar Stockton weather. It is the climb, the mountains that are only a few hours away, where breathless, scorching heat can be forgotten in the wind-swept hills.

Hillside pictures are rare in this country, common on the west coast. Here are some California hills and the inevitable Le Tourneau equipment that is always carving them up.

## "Salt of the Earth" Prevents "Prostration"

Heat prostration usually is caused by the body being depleted of salt through perspiration.

Prevention of heat prostration by restoring the salt through use of salt tablets is a recent medical discovery.

On sweltering days between 300 and 400 of the 60,000 to 70,000 men employed at the Detroit Ford plant would report to the Henry Ford Hospital for first aid, necessitated by all stages of heat exhaustion, says News Week.

Pondering a report that prostration had been prevented in patients undergoing medical treatment at a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit by pouring salt water down their throats, Dr. Roy H. McClure, surgeon-in-chief at Henry Ford Hospital, hit upon the idea of feeding the Ford workers salt tablets—lozenges containing only refined salt.

A number of dispensers were placed near drinking fountains in extremely hot portions of the factory. As a result on one day when the outside temperature was 104 only four men reported to the hospital. Thereupon 140 salt-tablet dispensing machines were placed throughout the plant.

"Although this treatment is relatively new to the medical profession," says News Week, "it is an old tale to some sections of the laity. Sailors who work in the 'black gang'—the engine-room crew—have known for years that fresh sea water was the best remedy for 'stoker's cramps.' And illiterate South African diamond miners, working in blistering hot mine tunnels, always chew a piece of salt pork with every glass of water."

This enables one to better understand the real significance of the phrase, "salt of the earth," which has generally been taken to mean the finest people, the cream of society. While there is nothing wrong with that conception, it does not wholly express the true sense of the phrase; and actually "the salt of the

earth" are frequently folks who are very much despised.

In fact, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who originated the expression, telling His disciples: "Ye are the salt of the earth," prefaced it with a warning that they would be reviled and persecuted and men would say all manner of evil against them falsely for His sake.

Plainly he meant that they and all believers in Him who should come after them, being indwelt by the Holy Spirit, would be the preservative, the "salt" that would prevent the world going to utter corruption. Today thousands of people who are not themselves believers in the Lord Jesus Christ would not care to live in a community where there were no Christians. Spiritual salt is as essential to civilization as chemical salt is to the human body.

Soon the Lord Jesus Christ is coming in the air to take His own out of the world, then the "salt" will be gone, all restraint will be removed, and civilization will suffer a "prostration," a collapse from which it will not recover until the Lord Jesus comes back and sets up His righteous kingdom.

The wise plan is to escape this coming era of lawlessness and tribulation by today accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—(Acts 16:31).

## Listens While Own Funeral Preached

"Having survived four wives and attained the age of 83 years, Hickman Holloman of East St. Louis thought it was about time his exploits received their due. So he lolled back in a front-seat pew while the Rev. J. B. Murrie delivered a one-hour funeral eulogy in advance."—News Week.

Mr. Holloman is not the first to listen to his own funeral oration. Others have gone so far as to have complete funeral rites conducted while they looked on, apparently deriving some morbid satisfac-

tion from the adulation of the preacher and the synthetic grief of the mourners. They might be even better pleased if they were to dictate their own eulogies.

But it is unlikely that they would be at all pleased if the preacher were to take as his text the Scripture verses which exactly describe the character of those who are dead while they still walk around. If he did, however, these are the words he would read:

"There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

"Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips;

"Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness:

"Their feet are swift to shed blood: Destruction and misery are in their ways:

"And the way of peace have they not known:

"There is no fear of God before their eyes . . ." (Romans 3:12-18).

These words are God's unerring analysis of every man, woman and child who has not been born again through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and who is, therefore, "dead in trespasses and sins." They are written "that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God."

But they are also written that we might acknowledge that guilt in order that God might in mercy and righteousness pardon us and give us everlasting life.

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Romans 6:23).

## NOW

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation."—2 Corinthians 6:2.

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## STRANGER than FICTION

By KEITH L. BROOKS

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"Thirty years have passed away," said our friend. "I was back in the old town and an oldtime friend was showing me about over familiar scenes. One day we were driving on a country highway, when we came to a squad of workmen repairing the road. Suddenly the driver said: 'Look—that man yonder looks like Fred Goodrich. He hasn't been seen in these parts in years!'"

He pulled his car to the side of the road, got out and went over to the gang of workmen. To be sure, it was Goodrich himself. The two greeted warmly. "But how do you come to be working here, Fred?" asked his friend.

"I laid away my precious wife just a few months ago," answered Fred, as the tears came to his eyes. "She was the most wonderful Christian wife any man ever had," he went on as tears rained down his tanned cheeks. "It has been a terrible blow to me. I gave up business thinking that work out in the open would help me get a grip on myself."

"You don't mean Emma Putnam?" queried the other.

"Yes, I do, Bill," answered Fred.

"Fred, old man, would you mind telling me how you two happened to get married and skip town—and how Emma Putnam could be to you what you say she has been?"

They sat upon a pile of stone at the side of the road as Fred told the story. "One night," he said, "I went down to the old joint and when I found Em, to my surprise, she was crying like her heart would break. I never saw her like that before and I said, 'What's the matter, old girl?' 'Oh,' she moaned, 'If only I could get away from this kind of thing and start life over again—but what chance have I got? Fred, I'm tired of sin. Oh, I want to be a Christian!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)